

SpacePiston

MAGAZINE



 SIERRA®

NOW AVAILABLE AT

Sack's

SPACY'S
SPACEWEAR

TIMELESS WOMEN'S CLOTHING
FOR THE TIMELESS WOMAN.

Spacy's model Stacy
is wearing classic,
conservative Latex
mini, with a Mylar
wrap-around top.
The earrings and
necklace are Dylithium
in a tasteful Titanium
setting. The hair is
by Sack's own
hairstylist Scotty.

Located in the Galaxy Galleria Mall

SpacePiston MAGAZINE

Vol. 2

Issue 2

Executive Producer

Ken Williams

Creative Director

Bill Davis

Producer

Guruka Singh Khalsa

Game Designers

Mark Crowe

Scott Murphy

Art Designer

Mark Crowe

Lead Programmer

Scott Murphy

Music Director

Mark Seibert

Animators

Jon Bock

Jane Cardinal

Jeff Crowe

Desie Hartman

Eric Kasner

Jim Larson

Nathan Larsen

Suzi Livengood

Cheryl Loyd

Michael A. Milo

Gerald Moore

Cheryl Sweeney

Willis Wong

Background Artist

Jon Bock

Jane Cardinal

Mark Crowe

Jennifer Shontz

Cheryl Sweeney

Programmers

Oliver Brelsford

Carlos Escobar

Brian K. Hughes

Mike Larsen

Programmers *continued*

Randy MacNeill

Scott Murphy

Doug Oldfield

Raoul Said

Jerry Shaw

Composers

Ken Allen

Rob Atesalp

Mark Seibert

System Development

Jeff Stephenson

Robert E. Heitman

Pablo Ghenis

Dan Foy

Larry Scott

Terry McHenry

John Rettig

Corey Cole

J. Mark Hood

Mark Wilden

Eric Hart

John Hartin

Sound Effects

Ken Allen

Rob Atesalp

Mark Seibert

Additional Material

Josh Mandel

Quality Assurance

Mike Harian

Dan Scott

Editor:

Marti McKenna

Design

Cheryl Sweeney

Contributors

Flip Quasar, Y. Hugh Iotta, "Osh Kosh Josh"
Mandel, Brian K. Hughes, Sr., Jr., Joe Krittik

An Exclusive Interview with Roger Wilco: Space Hero!

In recent years, the name Roger Wilco has become synonymous with honor, bravery, heroism, and dumb luck. Here to tell us about himself, his past adventures, and his upcoming endeavors is that swashbuckling space cadet himself, Roger Wilco.

Roger, it's common knowledge that before you began an exciting career saving galaxies and rescuing software designers, you were a janitor on a Xenon space lab, but little is known about your early life. Tell us about life back on your home planet of Xenon.

Xenon's a great place. In fact, I can't wait to get home — I haven't been back there since the end of *Space Quest I*. I grew up there, descended from a long line of ... uh ... Maintenance Specialists. Anyway, after grammar school my parents enrolled me in the High School of the Custodial Arts, where I took a lot of general ed stuff — you know, Basic Disinfecting 101, Broom Wrangling ... I wasn't exactly at the head of my class, but I did score a perfect two on our last History of Mop Management pop quiz.

*"I went up
against
impossible
odds..."*

When I was old enough, I went on to Janitorial Graduate School, where I majored in Industrial Waste. After graduation, I reeled in this heavily-sought-after position with NucleoTherm Hazardous Substance Containment Services, and was assigned to contract duty aboard the spacelab Arcada. I couldn't believe my luck,



getting this gig — all those veterans at NucleoTherm, and they chose *me*.

In what has become known across the galaxy as The Sarien Encounter, you single-handedly saved Xenon and the entire Earnon star system from the evil Sariens.

*"The stuff I
went through,
well, others..."*

How'd you do it?

Well, it wasn't easy, Flip. The stuff I went through, well, other guys would have snapped. If not for my keen wit, those slimy Sariens would have wiped us out. Why, I braved so many dangers ...

So tell us about it already.

Oh, yeah, sorry. Well, the Sariens were after the Star Generator, a gizmo Xenon's scientists were working on. They attacked the Arcada, the spacelab where I was stationed, and slaughtered the whole crew — everybody but me, that is. I cleverly evaded them ...

You were napping in the broom closet, right?

Er ... I was resting up for the big battle. Anyway, they took the Star Generator and I went after 'em. I infiltrated the Sarien battle cruiser Deltaur, set the Star Generator to self destruct, and got out of there just in time for a front row seat to

see the Deltaur and all those filthy Sariens get blown to bits.

But that wasn't really the end of the Sariens, was it?

Well, no, now that you mention it. Their boss, a big slug named Vohaul, was pretty tweaked at me for foiling his operation, so he sent a couple of thugs after me to make sure I wouldn't get in his way when he unleashed an army of genetically engineered Life Insurance Salesmen on the galaxy.

Gads!

Yeah, I hear ya.

But you were able to stop him?

Yep. Once again I went up against impossible odds and emerged a hero. It was an amazing display of courage and determination, if I do say so myself. When you're looking for top

*"I was
resting up
for the big
battle...."*

performance in a tight situation, I'm your man, Flip. Talk about staying cool...

(Sigh) So what happened, Roger?

Well, it was like this: Vohaul's goons kidnapped me and hijacked a shuttle to the planet Labion. Through sheer genius I was able to escape...

The way I heard it, the hovercraft crashed, killing your captors. That made it pretty easy to get away, didn't it?

Uh, well ... not as easy as you might think. See, there was still a deadly root monster, a ferocious swamp creature, and a Labion Terror Beast to contend with. Then I had to outsmart another of Vohaul's gorillas and steal the shuttle so I could penetrate the asteroid fortress and pull the plug on that corpulent creep once and for all.

Well, it sounds like you earned your pay that time, Roger.

All in a day's work for a guy like me, Flip. Anyway, I aborted the launch and jetted out of there in an escape pod. I crawled into the sleep chamber and the

"Yeah, things didn't look too good, but I..."

next thing I knew, I woke up in a trash freighter.

So, basically, it was out of the frying pan and into the fire for you, right Rog?

Yeah, things didn't look too good, but I blasted out of the freighter in an old jalopy I resurrected from the rubble. What I didn't know was, I was being tailed by Arnoid the Annihilator, that one man collection agency from hell. He nearly had me at a tourist trap on Phleebut, but at the last minute I wiped him out. After that grueling experience, I thought I'd take it easy for a while.

That's when you got the distress call from the Two Guys from Andromeda, right?

Yeah, ever *seen* those guys? Jeez, what a couple of geeks. Anyway, before I knew it I was face to face with the most ruthless band of outlaws in the galaxy, the Pirates

of Pestulon. I was lucky to get out of there with my skin, not to mention those two ingrates I dropped off on Earth. Why I risked my neck for those bozos, I'll never know.

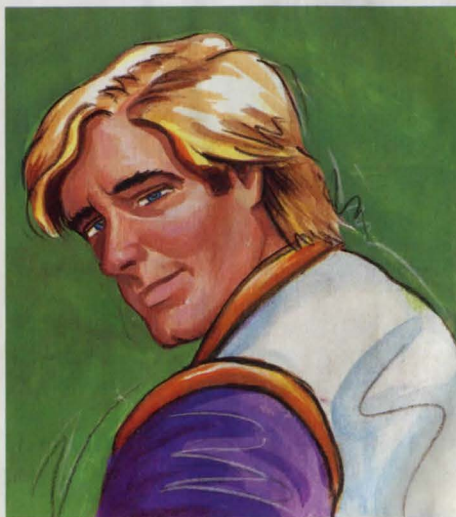
Rumor has it, the Two Guys actually authored your adventures, Roger, making them effectively, your creators. What is your reaction to that?

Those rumors are greatly exaggerated, Flip. It's that kind of tabloid trash that gives journalism a bad name, and frankly I'm shocked that you'd print such a thing. You wouldn't, would you?

Of course not, Roger. I'll edit that part out (heh heh). So tell me, what are your plans for the future?

Well, Flip, I think I'm overdue for a vacation. I'm not even gonna think about anything brave or heroic for at least six months — I'll be kicking back on some sandy beach soaking up x-rays. Heck, maybe I'll even check out Robertaland.

Editor's Note: Roger Wilco's amazing adventures are chronicled in the Space Quest series; Space Quest I: The Sarien Encounter, Space Quest II: Vohaul's Revenge, and Space Quest III: The Pirates of Pestulon.



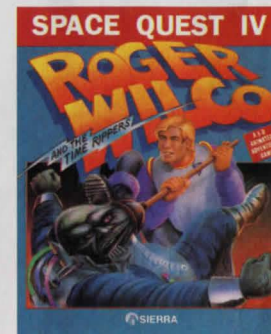
COMPUTER GAMES

Space Piston Reviews

Space Quest IV: Quest For Hint Book Sales

by
Joe Krittik

In an amazing display of creative marketing, Sierra has at last perfected the unsolvable computer game: *Space Quest IV: Roger Wilco and the Time Rippers*. It's not just an adventure, it's a convoluted mass of obstacles only the designers (those maniacal Two Guys From Andromeda) could ever hope to unravel. This 10 pound box of fun is sure to confound even the most dedicated computer game masochist. But wait, there's help; in a brilliant attempt to scam you out of a few more Buckazoids, Sierra offers the 350 page *Space Quest IV Hint Book* (and doorstep). The answers are there, and you'll have no trouble finding them with the help of your local reference librarian and Sierra's



handy Reveal-O-Matic electric hint eraser pen, guaranteed to reveal all but the most useful hints. Need I say more?

ScumSoft
FX-DOS
5012k
800mhz



SKATE O- RAMA

Experience the thrill of Zero-G skating at Skate-O-Rama. Clip this coupon for 2 hours free rental on your Blo-By Foot Thrusters!

Note: Skate at your own risk! Skate -O-Rama is not responsible for flash burns, brain damage or other injuries incurred while skating at our facility.

Located at the Galaxy Galleria Mall

ROAD TEST

Timebuster 2000 SUX

by Space Piston Expert, Y. Hugh Iotta



There comes that time in every young boy's life when he begins to see things around him from a new perspective. Suddenly he dreams of owning a house with a white picket fence and nice lawn and a front room he'll never use, or a boat like his uncle Joe uses when he's smuggling things into the country, or a time pod just like the *Timebuster 2000 SUX*. Our test model proved adept at restoring our childhood dreams and making us feel like children. Its overall feel is remarkably reminiscent of its predecessor, the Timeslug 1000 S-EX, and yet its myriad technological advancements outshine its dull, passe, boring, vomit-inducing competitors.

Although we were denied the chance to actually test our test model, its looks speak well for its performance. The fit and finish of the polished aluminum body is indicative of the temporary corporate

takeover of the Timebuster company and, in all probability, we will never see its equal. Carlos particularly enjoyed the chrome hood ornament. The artificial orat fur upholstery even fooled our interior expert, Mr. Lindsley.

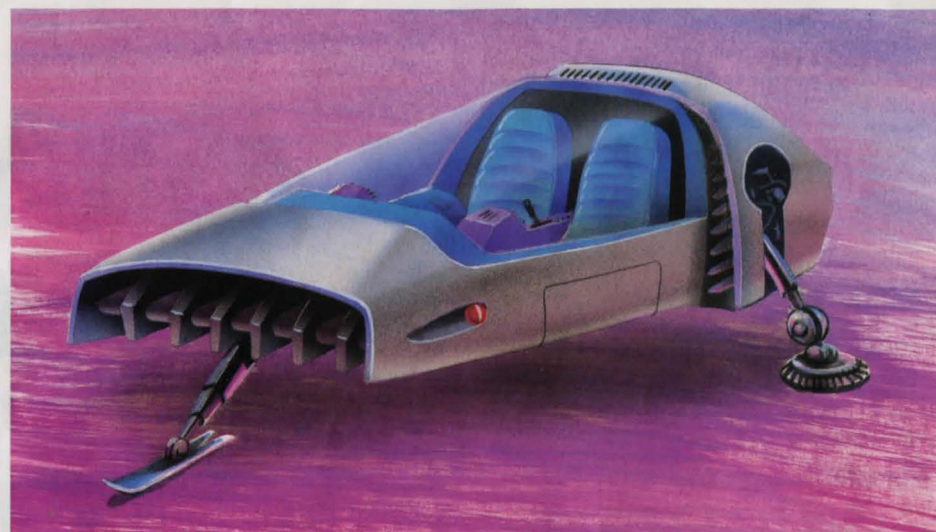
The door hinge creaked slightly if we opened the door too fast, but we were able to compensate quickly without loss of control. The factory has assured us it will be corrected in next year's model. Our team leader, Mr. Heitman, found the small storage compartment a bit too small to hold a tyrannosaurus-diverting side of beef, but he has not been available for further comment since his vacation to prehistoric Florida.

Our drivetrain experts, Otto and Manuel, were also unavailable as they were suffering from a couple of nasty hangovers they acquired in the latter part of the 12th century.

Overall, we give the Timebuster 2000 SUX our highest rating for its aesthetics, and a "no-call" rating for its performance. For more details and a most excellent brochure, contact Bill or Ted in our sales department.

PRICE

List Price	38,415 buckazoids
Price as tested	38,425 buckazoids
Price as tested includes standard option package plus 10 buckazoids to have the ashtray cleaned (durn lotboys). Other options available include:	
SoundSux deluxe 8-track stereo system	
Interior light	
Interior door latch	



Cigarette lighter
Cigarettes
Driver's license
Windshield wipers (time streams are wet)
Rear window defogger*
Rear window
Mr. Fusion
Frost-free glove box with ice maker
Clock
* Available only on models with rear window

GENERAL DATA

Curb weight	520 lbs
Weight distrib., front/rear	55%/65%
Wheelbase	0 (no wheels)
Length	144 in
Width	71 in
Height	56 in
Seating capacity	1
Trunk space	0 (no trunk)
Suspension	Suspend-O-Matic

ENGINE

Type	dual turbo, hot-air cooled, 42 valve, 5 cylinder inline V8
Horsepower	(SAE) 15/decade
Torque	Lots
Maximum speed	32 decades/hr

PERFORMANCE

Acceleration,	0-30 decades 5 secs
0-60 decades	5 secs
0-80 decades	5 secs
Minimum stopping distance	0 ft (no brakes)+/- 20 milliseconds
Lateral acceleration	2.5 g
Anti-grav slalom	5 secs
@ 80 decades/hr	
Interior noise	80 dBA
Interior noise w/door open	60 dBA
Fuel economy	50 watts/decade city
	120 watts/decade hiway

Editor's Note: the real reason Hugh didn't test the test model is that he had a little trouble with the U.I.V.P.P.P. (User Identity Verification Pirate Protection Program). We didn't want him to feel like a complete idiot, so we let him leave that part out of his review (Hugh can be a pretty sensitive guy). However, some of you may find yourself in the position to take a little joyride in a Timebuster which doesn't exactly ... well ... belong to you. Although we don't condone or even encourage such childish and potentially destructive behavior, we're including this solution to the U.I.V.P.P.P. for your convenience.

see next page

Time travellers everywhere are flocking to futuristic Xenon to view and photograph the amazing post-apocalyptic landscape. If you and your family plan to visit this bleak yet fascinating vacation getaway, this walking tour will help you get the most from your stay. Space Piston Safety Tip:

AVOID THE CYBORGS!
WARNING!! The following section includes hints that experienced game players may not want to see. Continue reading **ONLY** if you have trouble getting started playing Space Quest.

As you arrive on the streets of Xenon, click the EYE cursor on various locations on the screen to learn about your surroundings. Walk one screen East and click the HAND cursor on the rope in the lower right side of the screen. Avoid the cyborg if he should appear. Walk between the red columns on the upper right side of the screen. Select the rope from your inventory window and click the ROPE

A Walking Tour of Post War Xenon

SOLUTION TO U.I.V.P.P.P.

	L	A	T	E	X	B	A	B	E	S	
R	?	GGX	LSMFT	R ² -e	$\frac{e}{R^2}$	BR ²	$\frac{PGA}{RA^3}$	15X	11743	$\frac{TSN}{40^2}$	
O	3 L	?	$\frac{5x}{9}$	nx	$\frac{Q}{Q}$	N/A	4392	x \$	10 u	$\frac{MT}{M}$	
G	5 x	$\frac{5}{x}$?	$\frac{EG}{4}$	X	$\frac{V}{V}$	$\frac{V\bar{X}}{VN}$	$\frac{X}{CTA}$	$\frac{Q}{Q}$	mvp ³	
E	9 x	$\frac{9x}{R}$	e=mc ²	?	ex ²		$\frac{485}{EA}$	BEx	$\frac{GPA}{EE}$	X-5%	
R	x+4	RATA	$\frac{Rx}{T}$	$\frac{RE}{V3}$?	$\frac{F7}{2}$	8(b-r)	TBA	$\frac{183}{183}$	R _X	
W	4x ²	$\frac{WA}{AO}$	n=?	1 x	$3\sqrt{G}$?	X	$\frac{BW}{B}$	$\frac{KQV}{SRL}$	F 1	
I	2x ³	2A ²	$\frac{\sqrt{n}}{x}$	18 x	$\sqrt{17}$	B I	?	I B	π^2	$\frac{A10}{TNK}$	
L	RLL	$\frac{Q}{I}$	$\frac{n^2}{x^2}$	$\frac{Q}{Q}$	SRL x y	$\frac{LB}{J}$	$\frac{PG}{E}$?	$\sqrt{2x}$	3 ⁰ +	
C	$\sqrt{b^2}$	ax ² +c	b ⁿ	X	$\frac{33}{139x}$	VL3	$\frac{GM}{AC}$	X-10%	?	32 ⁰	
O	π	$\sqrt{\pi}$	$\frac{BLT}{OA}$	$\frac{XX}{X^2}$	$\frac{THX}{1138}$	$\frac{Q}{Q}$	$\frac{x+y}{2}$	BO ^x	b ² -4ac	?	

cursor on the ground. Wait for the bunny to walk into the noose, and click the HAND cursor on the rope. Walk two screens East. A skimmer is parked on the street. Click the EYE cursor on the skimmer. Click the HAND cursor on the skimmer to search it. Click the HAND cursor on the glove box to open it, and again to take the PocketPal inside. Walk one screen North. Click the EYE cursor on the large object on the street corner. Click the EYE cursor on the hole in the side of the tank. Now would be a really good time to SAVE YOUR GAME. Click the HAND on the unstable ordnance to take it. Walk two screens West, to the opposite street corner. Click the HAND cursor on the sewer grates, until you find one you can climb into. After you explode, restore your game and DON'T take the unstable ordnance. Return to the sewer grate, descend below the city, and enjoy the rest of the game!



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To The Editor:

I must ask that you remove my name from your mailing list and cancel my subscription. In the last issue of SPACE PISTON, your center spread featured an extremely scantily-clad woman, whose presence could only be for sensationalism and sexual exploitation, lounging atop the new Model QX-V Eonomic PhaseShifter with a set of QuadBeam Thrusters mounted on the heat shielding. In the background, several so-called engineers were gaping, either at the QX-V or the cheap bimbo. Everybody knows that you can't mount QuadBeams on the shielding without ripping off half the Refracting Tiles. Until you get your facts straight, count me as an ex-subscriber.

—Stephen Broadfox

Dear Stephen:

First of all, those QuadBeams are specially modified for the QX-V by simply shaving about an eighth of an inch from the dorsal seam with a razor blade ... an easy modification that YOU could make at home, if you weren't such a chucklehead. Secondly, that "extremely scantily clad woman" you're referring to is yours truly, the editor of Space Piston. Third, although I am not a bimbo, I do confess a certain affection for solidly built, well-tuned machines like the QX-V. As you can guess, I'm also quite fond of obnoxious, hotheaded, ignorant ex-subscribers like yourself.

— Ed.

To The Editor:

We at Letz Electronoids would like to address several comments made in your recent report on our new TimeWarp 12000.

There were significant improvements made in the 12000, features not found in competitors' products or in our earlier model, the Letz Electronoids TimeWarp 10000. These features include Argon-dampened stabilizers, non-stick flo-mo EZ-glide Tchachkes, and

computerized nitro-injection with air/fuel Dynamixing.

We feel your time tests were not representative of the typical user's experience. Our marketing research has shown that the average TimeWarper uses his pod to make many short hops, a few minutes or days back & forth to win bets or contests and play practical jokes. We realize the TimeWarp gets less than ideal timeage under your test conditions, but most users do not visit the Pleistocene twenty times a day. Lastly, we do not object to (and, in fact, we encourage) comparisons between our old model TimeWarp 10000 and the new Model 12000. However, we feel it was journalistically irresponsible to title your report, "Letz Blew the TimeWarp Again."

— O. Schallwe Letz

Letz Electronoids

Dear Mr. Letz:

We stand behind our evaluation 100%. Perhaps we would feel differently if we had accepted the envelope hidden in the glove compartment of the sample TimeWarp you provided.

— Ed.

To The Editor:

I've been one of your subscribers for several centuries (I'm currently living in the future, but I get your magazine through the time channels) and I have a simple request. Can you PLEASE start putting your mag in a flux-protective wrapper? My last issue arrived with the first 50 pages seared and blackened, and the type on pages 117 through 171 was completely reversed and unreadable unless I held it up to a mirror. There's no reason for anomalies like that. TIME STUD uses a flux-protective wrapper. JAUNTY TIME JOCKEY uses a flux-protective wrapper. Why can't you?

— Seymour Nebulas

Dear Seymour:

According to our records, we start using flux-protective wrappers approximately 12 years from now. Unfortunately, our records also indicate that your subscription to SPACE PISTON expires 11 years from now and isn't renewed. If only you could have held on for that extra year!

— Ed.

RADIO SHOCK



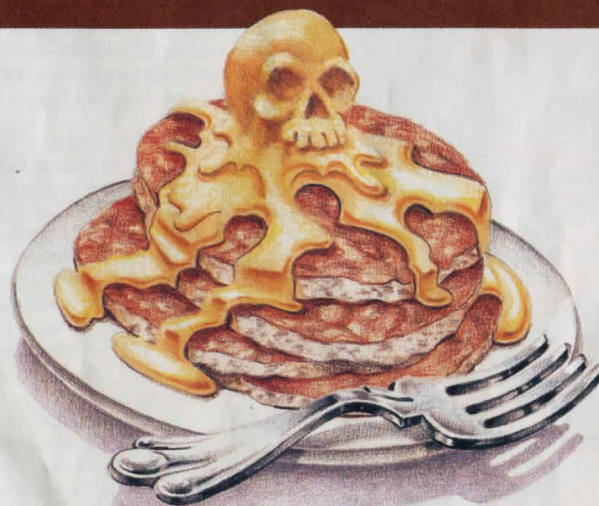
*For all your Nifty
Electronic Gadget
needs!*

**On Sale this week at our
Galaxy Galleria location:**

**ShockMaster Home
Shock Treatment Unit
ONLY 2,500 Buckazoids!**

- * Quit Smoking!
- * Lose Weight!
- * Or just for fun!

UNIVERSAL HUT OF PANCAKES



*He hops, she hops, we all
hop to U.H.O.P.!!*

From Terra to the Black Hole, there's always a U.H.O.P. ready to serve you the best Labion Deathberry Pancakes you've ever tasted. So timehop to U.H.O.P — there's one in a century near you!

To The Editor:

I, in common with a lot of young people my age, am 31. I have found that one of the most tragic paradoxical anomalies resulting from time travel is becoming one's own father. I have just this problem and I'm at wit's end. No matter what I do it isn't good enough for me. I do nothing but boss myself around, but it doesn't do any good. I just walk away from myself without listening to me. I once asked myself to borrow the keys to my car. I got the keys, but not without having to endure another one of my lengthy lectures on responsibility. Hump! Why, when I was my age, I respected my peers. Anyway, I brought the car home late and boy, was I ever peeved. That was the first time I actually took a razor strap to my behind. "This is gonna hurt me a lot more than it'll hurt me," I told myself. "Yeah," I thought, "like I really care how I feel."

Anyway, it's something for your readers to consider.

— Brian K. Hughes, Sr., Jr.

Dear Mr. Hugheses,

You bring up an interesting point. Of course, it's always best to "Just Say No To Becoming Your Own Father." But that's easier said than done. You might want to send for my free booklet, "Do's and Don'ts of Dating Your Parents". And remember, someday, when you're older, you'll realize how much you loved you...and how much you miss bouncing yourself on your knee, teaching yourself to fish, and going to Father-Son Spaghetti Dinners with yourself.

— Ed.

To The Editor:

Having just read the previous letter, I must strongly disagree with Mr. Hughes, Sr., Jr. To prove my point I am performing an experiment in which I intend to kill my own fa

To The Editor:

I am writing to complain in advance. Eight years from now I will not receive three issues in a row, as my address will change. To avoid this problem, I am including my future address. Please do not change your records yet, as the address enclosed is still a vacant hillside.

— Sally Farnsworth (will be Jones)

Dear Sally,
Unfortunately, as the head of our Subscription Complaint Dept. is fond of saying, "We can't change history!" If you're not going to receive those three issues in a row eight years from now, there's nothing we can do about it. In order to compensate for those three issues, I'm sending you three copies of the current issue.

— Ed.

To The Editor:

I feel I must strongly object to your feature article appearing seventeen months from now. Although it is timely, it certainly isn't relative.

— Albert Einstein II thru IV

Dear Messrs. Einstein,

I beg to differ with you. My brother-in-law is going to write that feature article. So from where I'm standing, it's relative.

— Ed.

BUCKY STARR, SPACED CADET in

The Giant Rat of Anthrax III

by Mann Vardebob

When we left our hero, he had just escaped the clutches of the evil Queen Morbidia, whose plans for the intrepid cadet can only be hinted at in a family publication, and was on his way to rescue the Admiral's daughter from captivity and torture by old Starsky and Hutch reruns in the cloud city of Cumula.

Bucky Starr watched the charge indicator of his Mark XXXVIII AB Turbo Space Skimmer fade from a cool and lucid green, not — he mused — unlike his sweetheart's hair, through several dubious shades of blue and purple, finally settling on an angry red like the bloodshot eyes of a Rigelian Piranha-toad after a particularly nasty night on the town in one of the least desirable neighborhoods in the lower levels of the miners' quarter on Beta Draconis XIV, and recalled how he had laughed at the fortune-teller who had read his earlobes only the previous day in the bazaar in a booth situated between the invertebrate boutique and the Slug-on-a-Stick vendor, smirking at her exclamations of doom and flipping her a dried herring by way of a gratuity. Suddenly the ship began to spin out of control, downward, ever downward until (Continued on page 197)

BUCKAZOID



ARCADE & SUSHI BAR

Come on down to Buckazoid Bill's for all your favorite shoot 'em up and knock 'em down kill-those-slimy-alien games.

Located in the *Galaxy Galleria*, **Buckazoid Bill's** is just the place to drop off screaming brats and in-laws while you shop. Just in: **Middle-aged Flatulent Kung-Fu Tribbles!**

Located in the *Galaxy Galleria Mall*

TRAVELS THROUGH THE TIMESTREAM

with Tippi the Time Tramp

Greetings from the Space-Time Continuum, time jockies! It's me, Tippi, your Time Travel Consultant, with more tips to tender for trans-time tourists.

I just got back from THE most whirlwind time jaunt, out of which I've chosen my Top Ten sights. Don't pass these up on your next weekend trip through the chronostream!

1. The Big Bang

No Time Tour's complete without a stop at the Big Bang, the granddaddy of all the smaller bangs. Pack a picnic lunch and a thermos, 'cuz there are NO concession stands within several thousand light years of this colossal conflagration. Everything that's anything will be there, so don't pass

up this chance to grab a gander at all the matter in the entire universe.

2. Who Killed Abraham Lincoln?

Okay, we've all seen Earth and we've been terribly unimpressed. But one of the larger tour companies, *Just Say Chrono*, has come up with a terrific idea. Travel to the capitol of the United States, Washington D.C., in the 19th Century to see the President take a bullet right in the balcony. And YOU get to actually take part in the mystery! Was it the insane wife? The Vice-President? The lead actor? You'll feel like you're part of the mystery, and you'll get to see mankind at his worst...a sight not to be missed.

3. The Planet of the Dogs

One last stop at Earth before we swing out of the Sol system. Contrary to their own predictions of the ascension of the Ape, the planet goes to the dogs...literally! Canines become the dominant sentient species at the end of World War III. Every house has two-and-a-half fire hydrants and a chewy stick in every pot. *continued on page 20*

Bargains! Bargains! Bargains!

Sales, Deals, Specials and Steals!

Visit *Software Excess* in the *Galaxy Galleria*. You won't find prices like these anywhere else. You won't find a software store anywhere else.

Located in the *Galaxy Galleria Mall*

SOFTWARE EXCESS

Ask Smokey Crankshaft



Dear Smokey:

I've got a CenturySkipper Model 45 with Infinite Cyclodrive rated at 4500 BTU (Betelgeusan Time Units). The RAMsphere's cranked to about 3.2 GAEs on the Escher scale and I'm getting about 9:1 on the Tsunometer. My question is this: if I ramp up the Protodrive to a full 256 SKU, how much additional Saganium will I need to reach the event horizon?
— Peter "Paul" Enmari

Dear Peter:

Please do not send us riddles or puzzles. This is not a game magazine.
— Smokey Crankshaft

Dear Smokey:

Remember that Era-Matic 2000 hogpod you sold me two months ago for "a mere 4000 buckazoids"? I took it into my mechanic for a shakedown and he told me the timeage meter had obviously been rolled back...and that even though it said only 75,000 years, the timetreads showed more like 275,000 years! You're a cheat and a fraud and I'm reporting you to the authorities.
— Dad

Dear Dad:

Calm down. Take some Geritoid. The first rule of thumb when buying a used hogpod is, "Let the buyer beware." You didn't. You got taken. I'm willing to bet you'll never let it happen to you again. So that 4000 buckazoids was well spent to learn a very important lesson. Right? Sure. Give my love to Mom and the cats.

— Smokey Crankshaft

Dear Smokey:

I'm using a Turboflex Dynacharged TimeHopper Deluxe with a Plaubunkett Nonaphonic AroundSound System. Trouble is, whenever I go into hyperdrive, I leave the sound behind and can't hear anything. Do I need a more powerful system?
— Drew Ablanc

Dear Drew:

Whoever sold you that Plaubunkett should be poked with a three-pronged, two-slot poiyt. It's useless without a TransAmp, which'll run you another 1200 buckazoids or so. Basically, the TransAmp runs a nanosecond or two ahead of your hogpod and dumps the sound waves just ahead. You warp on by just in time to catch the sound. The TransAmp also keeps your system from punching sonic holes in the time channel behind you, as you've probably been doing up 'till now. No big deal but you've probably been responsible for busting a lotta eardrums throughout history.
— Smokey Crankshaft

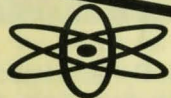

MILLENIUM

Calling all Timejumpers! This Month Only at Millenium Podfitters!
Incredible values! Customize your Hogpod! Guaranteed lowest
prices ANYTIME!
CALL 1-9600-555-MILENIUM Mail orders accepted.

THE PLASMADRIVE SHOPPE

We'll stack our Plasma up against anybody's

Razzmatazzma Plasmadrive 50002350 BZ
Phantasma Plasmadrive 23001930 BZ
Miasma Plasmadrive 1000750 BZ
Athsma Plasmadrive 15CALL

EPICHIA

No man likes it. No woman
will talk about it. Unwanted
Chia growth.

It never fails when you're taking your hogpod into
warp with the windows rolled down: a few seeds
blow in and land on your girlfriend. She doesn't
notice. She keeps drinking water. Next thing you
know, wham! Chia.
Now think: EPICHIA.
Instantly removes that unsightly chia from your lip,
leg, or ultra sensitive bikini area. Caulterizes as it
works, so there's no messy clamping. And with
Episthetic anesthetic cream, a certain percentage
of women experience hardly any discomfort at all.
EPICHIA. And you can be chia-free for the rest of
your life. From the makers of Epimole, Epiblack-
head and Epifingernail.

THRUSTERS

HAVE WE GOT THRUSTERS....

(Call up and ask for Stephanie, our winsome
Thruster gal!)

Piezodyne - Ancillary Thrusters 90 BZ/pr
ACME Ancillary Thrusters 65 BZ/pr
Sam's Ancillary Thrusters 30 BZ/pr
Guaranteed 100% Used Ancillary Thrusters
15 BZ/pr

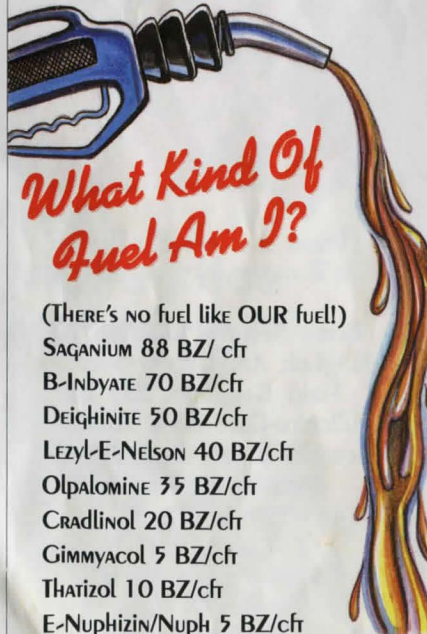
PODFITTERS

SHIELD 'N TILE DEPARTMENT

(Ask for Maureen...she sells sheilding by the seashore!)

Kitsch 'n Sync - Self-Sticking Heat Shield Tile 32 BZ/sq.ft
Hedstrong No-Wax Heat Shield Tile 28 BZ/sq.ft
Brunowasser Tile 10 BZ/sq.ft
Mai Tile 8 BZ/sq.ft
Doggie's Tile CALL

Pulse Shielding (installed) 1010 BZ
Neutrino Shielding (installed) 850 BZ
My Little Shielding (installed; choice of colors) 90 BZ



*What Kind Of
Fuel Am I?*

(THERE'S NO FUEL LIKE OUR FUEL!)

SAGANIUM 88 BZ/ cfr
B-INBYATE 70 BZ/cfr
DEIGHNITE 50 BZ/cfr
LEZYL-E-NELSON 40 BZ/cfr
OLPALOMINE 35 BZ/cfr
CRADLINOL 20 BZ/cfr
GIMMYACOL 5 BZ/cfr
THATIZOL 10 BZ/cfr
E-NUPHIZIN/NUPH 5 BZ/cfr

(Stop skidding through time currents!)

TIMETREADS

Deluxe Deuterium-Belted OmniRadial
TimeTreads 750 BZ/pr

Standard Deuterium-Belted MonoRadial
Time treads 575 BZ/pr

ACME SlipStream Semi-Belted
SomewhatRadial TimeTreads 350 Bz/pr

Fester's NearlyBelted AlmostRadial
TimeTreads 225 BZ/pr

Mendenhall's Un-belted NonRadial
SkidMeister TimeTreads 110 BZ/pr

Terry's Anti-Belted NotEvenClose
ToRadial Deathtreads CALL

continued from page 16

It's a laff riot and only proves that every species gets what's coming to them.

4. *The Id of Altair IV*

Stop by for the ultimate demonstration of Mind Over Matter. Get this: the collective unconscious of a dead civilization comes to life and destroys everything for your entertainment pleasure. See astronauts torn limb from limb, see the Id chew up the scenery. Stranger than fiction, more spectacular than watching the Death Star take out another rebel planet. You may want to set your Timepod on auto-replay and catch this one over and over again.

5. *Gidget Goes Nova*

The star of System 45-A in the Sector B Subcluster (a star we affectionately call Gidget, for her cute upturned

hydrogen/helium conversion vector and those two darling little sunspots on her face) goes nova in about 4 billion years. When she goes, she takes fifteen civilizations (including a pleasant little agrarian culture just sprouting along the plump equator of scobar IV), 400 additional colonizable planets, and an old abandoned hulk of a Death Star. It's not the Big Bang, but you can almost hear the civilizations yelping in those last few seconds.

6. *The End of All Life Itself*

Again, you can hear the collective sigh of relief as all life comes to an end, when a gigantic Black Hole opens up in the center of the universe. And for those of you keeping score, it's going to happen at precisely *continued on page 48*

CAMS, TUNED HEADERS SPORT EXHAUST MUFFLERS

(What?)

Dual TipQuadroflex Whizbang Mufflers 350 BZ

Stainless Tip Spit 'n Tape Mufflers 250 BZ

Oval Tip Mufflers 100 BZ

Handknit 100% Wool Mufflers

(Extra Loud, choice of colors) 95 BZ

TIMEPATROL RADAR DETECTORS

(The Bear Essentials!)

Fuzz- B-Gone

Copaway 110 Bz

Officer-Get-Lost 135 BZ

Constable-No-More 160 BZ

Law-B-Damned 220 BZ

"The Bail Jumper" Deluxe 275 BZ

ANTI- THEFT DEVICES

(Teach that crook a lesson
he'll never live to forget!)

Brinx Security Lock 15 BZ

HogLok Anti-Gravity Security

Field Generator 230 Bz

Electro-Cute High Voltage

Security Teddy Bear 295 BZ

Insta-Fry DeTheifing

System 315 BZ

Toast-a-Thief

Hotwire Coils 325 BZ

Puddle O' Punk

Nuke'm Hogpod Cover 440 BZ

**Tonight,
last night,
or even the
night
before that,
let it be
Kerona.
For a real
treat, try it
with a slice
of mango!**



Kerona Ale



Get change back
from your
Buckazoid at
Monolith Burger in
the Galaxy
Galleria Mall

MONOLITH BURGER

© is a registered trademark of Sierra On-Line, Inc. © Sierra On-Line, Inc. 1991. Printed in the U.S.A.

002921000